

**DO YOU EVER THINK?**

By Rev. N. Keff Smith.

(The following lines, clipped from a secular paper, are pasted on the glass front door of a business house in town. Without changing the thought I arranged them to conform to proper meter. Others may enjoy, as I have, reading them. This Scripture has been ringing solemn tones in my heart: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth where moth and rust consume and where thieves break through and steal, but, etc.")

"Do you e'er think—as the hearse drives by—  
It won't be long until you and I  
Will both ride out in the big, plush hack,  
And then never, no, never, ride back?"

"Do you e'er think—while striving for gold—  
A dead man's hand can't a dollar hold?  
We tug and toil, and we pinch and save,  
And then lose all on reaching the grave."

"Do you e'er as you closely clasp  
Your bag of gold with a firmer grasp,  
If hungry hearts of the world were fed  
It might bring peace to your dying bed?"  
Ponchatoula, La.

**LOYALTY.**

By American Citizen.

Every country in the world has its own form of government, and its people within the limits of its organic laws are subject to its control. If it be autocratic the liberty of its people, under one man rule, is limited and negligible, as instance the rule of Czar Nicholas and the kaiser. But how different are the conditions under the Stars and Stripes and democratic rule? Here every man is an autocrat, having an equal say with every other man in framing the laws under which he lives, and his say as to the governing bodies, chosen to frame and to enforce the laws. Ours is a representative government chosen by the people, for the people, and responsible to the people, for a faithful enforcement of the duties in defending the liberties of the people, and so far-reaching that the rights of the most humble citizen are held sacred, and the whole machinery of government, whether he be at home or abroad, on land or sea, stands back of him for his defense. Seeing then that every man of us is, to the extent of his influence, individually responsible for the successful working of our machinery of government, and that our representatives in legislatures and Congress are there to act for us, and as able and true men are put there by us, as truly as the governing bodies of our business corporations are placed in charge by the vote of the majority of the stock held by those immediately interested, our bounden duty is to give our loyal support to the measures adopted by them for the direction of affairs, otherwise we are disloyal, block the wheels, and to the extent of our influence produce a state of anarchy.

Nowhere in all the earth is freedom held more dear, and liberty enjoyed more fully than here in the United States, and for its protection every loyal citizen stands ready to shed his blood, if need be, in its defense, and what less can the man who enjoys its blessings, yet arrays himself against it expect, than that he have meted out to him the severest penalties of the law by being interned, deported, or in extreme cases be deprived of life? We are all, if we trace our lineage back far enough the descendants of foreign parentage. Our population is made up of men from every country under the sun, but we are one people, and our destiny is wrapped up in the prosperity of our common country and to a faithful allegiance to its development. There is no middle ground. Any man not loyal to it is a traitor, and al-

though "the mills of the gods grind slow," they grind sure, and the sins of our enemies will surely, sooner or later, find them out, and over all the eternal Jehovah reigns, and out of this visitation upon the nations of war and bloodshed for sin He will bring forth a world obedient to His will, and we shall have a reign of peace. The Kaiser and his followers, including the traitors, have run amuck, but the Allies are fighting for liberty, and "the gates of hell cannot prevail against them."

**Thanksgiving****AN ADVENTURE IN NEIGHBORING.**

Five years ago we found ourselves located in a new community, far from kindred and friends: pilgrims in a strange land.

Thanksgiving Day was drawing near. We had met but few of the people of the neighborhood. But we did not see how we could fittingly observe Thanksgiving Day alone.

I began to think. There were the Browns, who had just settled over at the Ridge, only a few miles away. They, too, were alone, separated from relatives, without friends as yet. Then there were the Judsons. They had been there a year but were so reticent they had made but little progress in getting acquainted. I knew they were pining for friendship. Why shouldn't we invite these two families of strangers over and have a good time? It seemed foolish to kill a turkey and make cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie just for us three! My husband and son agreed to my plans, and so I did the inviting, including—besides the two families—a lone bachelor across the fields.

The dinner was just an ordinary Thanksgiving Day repast of minor importance in this account, though seemingly much enjoyed.

But it is of the associations formed, of the happiness that resulted from that one day's gathering, that I wish to speak. It was the beginning of neighborly good will that has never ended, as well as of a neighborhood custom we still observe.

Each recurring Thanksgiving Day finds us meeting again to enjoy together the good things of life and to offer thanks for God's graciousness and mercy. And we try to include in our dinner all the strangers, the lonely and the bereaved in the neighborhood. Thus it is not unusual for us to have several guests of honor on these occasions.—The Christian Herald.

**THANKSGIVING.**

By Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt.

The management of the Presbyterian Orphans' Home at Barium Springs, N. C., feel that we have much for which to be thankful in connection with this season. We are truly grateful to the people of our Church for the liberal manner in which our work has been maintained during the past year. There was a steady increase throughout the year in order to meet the contingency of the times, and we were enabled to close another year without incumbrance upon our Home. We desire to express our heartfelt thanks to all of those who have made this possible and who have aided in enabling us to reach this good result in face of the difficulties about us. Our Board of Regents felt that the report made this year was one of the best made in the history of the institution.

As another Thanksgiving season approaches, I would again remind you of the constant

urgent need in the manner of maintaining the large company of children gathered in our Church Home. There are two hundred and thirty-one children here. Then there are about thirty workers, who are engaged in the responsible duties of training these children, giving us a total family of about two hundred and sixty for which to provide. It is needless for me to suggest that such a family consume a great deal, and the necessity is for our people to guard and protect our Support Fund. The Thanksgiving season has been regularly observed for years as a time for greatly increasing the funds for our support. We earnestly urge that the forthcoming season for such observance should prove no exception to those in the past, unless it be in the matter of a material increase in the liberality shown by our people.

For several years we have been asking for one day's income from one and all of our constituency. This occurs to us as a thoroughly feasible plan for all concerned. I would urge it for your careful and prayerful consideration. I am assured that there are great numbers of those, whom God has abundantly blessed, who would be glad to pursue this course in remembering and providing for those who are less fortunate.

We would ask that our pastors and sessions will endeavor to see to it that an opportunity is given to the people of their Church to contribute to our cause on or near Thanksgiving Day. We earnestly ask that such contributions made by God's people shall be liberal and that our exhausted treasury may be filled again. May God direct you in this very important matter and give you the blessing, which comes to those who give.

**THANKSGIVING AT THE OLD HOME.**

As Thanksgiving Day approaches, what heart that is not calloused with greed and selfishness does not ache with longing for the old home?

At this mystical season, if at no other, memories of childhood become smiling angels that beckon us back through the years.

Idle sentiment; not at all!

All over our land Thanksgiving brings back to the old home the children and the children's children, once more to set our lips to the spring of love that is pure and undefiled.

Whether we turn back to it from successes and joys, or from failures and sorrows, the old home is ever a sanctuary of virtues and the sweetest earthly interpretation of heaven.

At the old home the king of finance and the prodigal once more become brothers and learn that the things which sometimes seem so important to us in this world are, after all, but a thin veneer.

Whether we be wise or ignorant, rich or poor, great or little, the old home offers us satisfaction and inspiration to be found nowhere else in the world.

If Thanksgiving had no other meaning than just this—that it turns us back to the old home, that nursery of the infinite hope, and to the loves and dreams and longings and resolves of youth, it would still be one of the happiest and most helpful days in all the year.—The Christian Herald.

Who created all things is better than all things; who beautified all things is more beautiful than all things; who made great things is greater than all things; whatsoever thou lovest, he is that to thee; learn to love the Workman in His work, the Creator in His creature; let not that which was made by Him possess thee, lest thou lose Him by whom thyself was made.—St. Augustine.